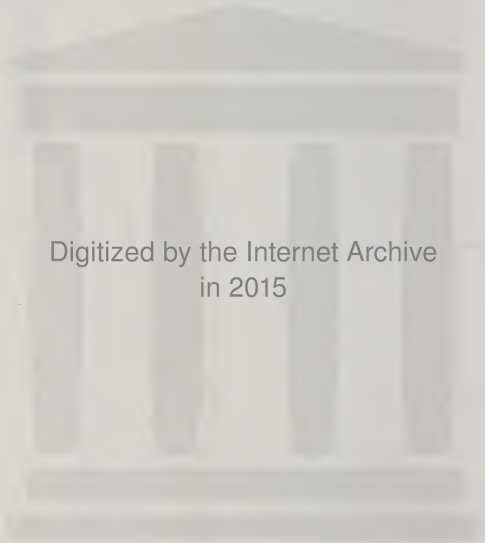






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THE

832

BLACK-BIRD SONGSTER;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

Places of Public Amusement.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE HOUR.
FARWELL:—BUT WHENEVER YOU WILL COME

1970 *M. edwardsi*

Its enchantment around him, while looking with you
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that thine
 O! the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 And forget his own griefs to be happy with you
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 That awakens the night-sons of death in your bowers
 I farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,

Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"
Too bless'd it he tells me that, mid the way cheer,
And return to me, bearing all o'er with your smiles —
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night —
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each eye,
And still on that evening, when pleasure nills up

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
Take the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd;
And bring back the feelings that joy used to wear,
Which come, in the night time of sorrow and care,
Bright dreams at the part, which she cannot destroy,
Let fate do her worst; there no trace of joy.

HERE'S A HEALTH, ROZIE SCOTLAND, TO YOU

A B. 1842, sung by Madame Vestris, Miss F. Jones, Miss F. Jones, and
Mr. F. Jones, the President, and the Melody in A. 1842.

Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee
And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave
Here's a health to the bold and the free
Here's a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Words by Moore.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too bless'd if he tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let fate do her worst! there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled;
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd!
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.

A Ballad, Sung by Madame Vestris, Miss Stephens, Miss Love, Miss Paton, and
Mr Braham. The Poetry by W. H. Freeman, Esq. The Melody by Alex.
ander Lee.

Here's a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave!
Here's a health to the bold and the free!
And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave,
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!

Here's a health to the land of victorious Bruce,

And the champions of liberty's cause!

And may their example fresh heroes produce,

In defence of our rights and our laws.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where bold Wallace unfurled

His bright banner of conquest and fame—

The terror of foemen, the pride of the world!—

Long may Scotland hold dearly his name!

And still, like their fathers, our brothers are true,

And their valour with pleasure we see;

Of the wreaths that were won at renowned Waterloo

There's a bough of the laurel for thee.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's success to the shamrock, the thistle, the rose,

May they ever in harmony twine!

And should wily discord again interpose,

Let us challenge each other in wine.

For while we're united, foes threaten in vain,

And their daring our fame shall increase,

Till the banner of Victory o'er land and main,

Triumphant is waving in peace.

Here's a health, &c.

MERRILY, MERRILY GOES THE BARK.

From "The Lord of the Isles," a Poem, written by Sir Walter Scott. Music
by Mazzinghi.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,

Before the gale she bounds,

So darts the dolphin from the shark,

Or the deer before the hounds

They left Loch Tua on their lee,

And they wakened the men of wild Tiree,

And the chief of the sandy Coll.

They paused not at Columba's Isle,

Though pealed the bells at the hoary pile,

With long and measured toll.

No time for matin or for mass,

And the sounds of the holy summons pass

Away to the billow's roll.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Words by Moore. Music,—“March to the battle field.”

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful vow now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,—
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

A LASSIE LIVES BY YONDER BURN.

Words by Mr Carswell. Set to Music, with an accompaniment for the
 Forte, by J. Jaap.

A lassie lives by yonder burn,
 That jinks about the seggins;
 There aft she gi'es her sheep a turn,
 To feed among the brakens.
 Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
 In spite of mam or daddie,
 I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
 An' row her in my plaidie.

Her breast to busk, I'd violets pu',
 That blaw aboon the boggie,
 And blue bells hingin' wat wi' dew,
 Frae yonder glen sae foggie,
 Could I believe she'd woo wi' me,
 An' tak me for her laddie,
 I'd aften slip out owre the lea,
 And row her in my plaidie.

I maun awa, I canna stay,
 Should a' gang tapsalteerie;
 Should boggles meet me in the way,
 This night I'll see my dearie.
 I'll ben the spence and dress a-wee,
 Wi' knots and bughts fu' gaudy,
 For I canna rest until I see
 Gin she'll come in my plaidie.

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

A Duet. Arranged by Parry. Written by Sir Walter Scott.

Love wakes and weeps
 While Beauty sleeps!
 O for Music's softest numbers,
 To prompt a theme,
 For Beauty's dream,
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!
 Through groves of palm,
 Sigh gales of balm,
 Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
 While through the gloom
 Comes soft perfume,
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.
 O wake and live!
 No dream can give
 A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that Love is telling.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

Sung by Miss Paton. The Poetry by F. W. Hohler, Esq. The Music by S. T. Smith.

And the spirit shall guide thee over seas, and mountains covered with roses, to
Love's fountain; whose waters thou shalt taste, and then shalt forget thy unhappy love

Achnor and Samet, an Oriental Romance.

Follow, follow over mountain,

Follow, follow over sea,

And I'll guide thee to Love's fountain,

If you'll follow, follow me.

Follow, follow, &c.

With the waters of the fountain

Will I ease thy aching heart,

And the roses of the mountain

Shall to thee a balm impart.

Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,

If bought with peace of mind;

But taste the fount, and not a thought

Of love is left behind.

Follow, follow, &c.

I'll fan thee with the Zephyr's wing,

And watch thee night and day,

I'll guide thee to Love's healing spring—

So follow and away.

Follow, follow, follow, follow, and away,

Follow, follow, and away.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE-THEE-WELL!

From the first volume of "Songs to Rosa," by Thomas H. Bayly, Esq. The Melody
composed by Charles S. Whitmore, Esq. The Symphonies and Accompaniments
by J. A. Rawlings.

Shades of evening! close not o'er us!

Leave our lonely bark awhile!

Morn, alas! will not restore us

Yonder dim and distant isle.

Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;—
 Darker shadows round us hover—
 Isle of beauty ! fare-thee-well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light ;—
 Who will fill our vacant places ?
 Who will sing our songs to-night ?
 Through the mist that floats above us
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, " Fare-thee-well !"

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon,—
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell ;
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;—
 Isle of beauty ! fare-thee-well !

MY OWN NATIVE ISLE.

Music by Bishop.

There's an isle, clasped by waves in an emerald zone,
 That peers forth from ocean so pearl-like and fair,
 As if nature meant it the water-king's throne ;—
 A youth, whom I name not, remembers me there.
 The breeze now in murmurs a 'plaint brings from far,
 From my own native isle and my lover's guitar.

O ! cheer thee, fond mourner, let hope's whisper soft
 The wild pang of absence and doubt too unkind,
 The maid thou upbraidest for *thee* sighs as often,
 And speeds gentle wishes by every wind.
 Then, winds, blow ye homeward—waves, waft me afar,
 To my own native isle and my lover's guitar.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Ball 1. The Words by Mrs Hemans, the Music by her Sister; and both respectfully dedicated to Sir Walter Scott.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound !
And the Knight looked down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
" Cease awhile, clarion ! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice ! be still !

" I knew 'twas a note !
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float.

" I am here with my heavy chain !
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle plain.

" Must I pine in my fetters here
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear ?
Cease awhile, clarion ! clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice ! be still ! be still !

" They are gone ! they have all passed by !
They in whose wars I had borne my part—
'They that I loved with a brother's heart
—'They have left me here to die !
Sound again, clarion ! clarion, pour thy blast !
Sound ! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

Music by Bishop. Sung by Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and Miss Paton.

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he'd prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale ;
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning roses newly tipped with dew ;
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance, and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Sung by Miss Stephens, &c. with great applause. Words by Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE BONNIE WEE WIFE.

A Ballad, sung by Madame Vestris, Mrs Ashe, and Miss Paton, at the Oratorio and Musical Festivals. Written by Burns.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

HOMAGE TO CHARLIE.

Music by Lee.

Sound the horn,
 Hailing the morn,
 Bonnie lad march over muir and furrow,
 Through the glen,
 Early we'll ken,
 Who shall pay homage to Charlie to-morrow.
 The colours are flying,
 The foemen defying,
 In triumph replying, that freedom is near,
 The war-pipes are sounding,
 Brave hearts are all bounding,
 With valour surrounding the young Chavalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

Though now we may sever,
 It may be for ever,
 From those we love, never be ours the sad tear,
 No! boldly we'll sally,
 From hill and from valley,
 Round Charlie to rally, the young Chavalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

CEASE THUS TO PALPITATE.

Sung by Madame Pasta. Music,—“Di tanti palpiti.”

Cease thus to palpitate,
 Cease, silly flutterer, pray;
 Though on thy future fate
 Love decides to-day,
 Cease to alarm me,
 Fond fears, away,
 Duty must arm me
 My sire to obey.
 Though sighing and dying,
 Pursuing and wooing,
 Discover to lovers
 Such treasure and pleasure;

Yet Virtue's power you'll find
 Above poor Cupid's sway,
 While Love, most truly blind,
 Too seldom finds his way,
 Reason then guide me,
 Cupid away,
 Mine be the lover,
 Who, prudent as kind,
 Aims to discover
 A charm in the mind;
 Who, prizing ever
 The heart alone,
 Will build his love on Virtue's throne,
 And never, never
 That love disown.

AYE WAKING, OH!

Arranged by Dewar. Sung by Miss Noek.

Aye wakin', oh!
 Wakin' aye and weary;
 Rest I canna get,
 For thinking of my dearie.
 Oh, this love, this love!
 Life to me how dreary!
 When I sleep I dream,
 Oh! when I wake I'm eerie.
 Oh, this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on his bed of sorrow.
 Hear me, powers divine!
 Oh, in pity hear me!
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my lover spare me.
 Spare, oh, spare my love!

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Poetry by J. R. Planche. Altered and arranged by G. Herbert Rodwell. Song
by Mr Sinclair and Mr Thorne.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !

Over mountain and moor hath passed the war-sign :

The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,

Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,

The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea ;

The banners they are flying, flying, flying,

The banners they are flying that lead to victory,

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !

Charge as ye've charged in the days o' langsyne ;

Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,

He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !

Sheath the sword, Scotland, for dimmed is its shine ;

Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,

And wha kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine !

The struggle is over, over, over,

The struggle is over !—the victory won !—

There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,

And glory for all who their duty have done !

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !

With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine ;

Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,

But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

HOW BLEST THE MAID.

A Duet.

How blest the maid whose bosom no headstrong passion
knows !

Her days in joy she passes, her nights in calm repose

Where'er her fancy leads her,

No pain, no fear invades her

But pleasure, without measure, from every object flows.

THEY SAY MY LOVE IS DEAD.

The celebrated Maniac Song, from the first Number of Linley's Scottish Melodies, arranged for, and Sung by Miss E. Paton. The Symphonies and accompaniments by Charles E. Byrne. The Poetry by George Linley, Esq.

RECITATIVE.

List to her notes of woe that float upon the air,
Like the soft murmur of the distant wave!
Mark her, lorn maiden! twined amid her raven hair,
The violet, long withered, and meek daisy mingle there;
With weeds and wild flowers rudely o'er her strewn.
Poor heart—distracted one! thy grief is like mine own:
Having nor end nor home—but in the grave!

AIR.

They say my love is dead—
Gone to his green turf bed;
But the bonnie moon shines red where he's laid;
He gave me flowers three,
Down beside yon willow-tree,
And he'll come again to me ere they fade.
O! yes, he will come, &c.

The glow-worm hath a light
For the fairy queen of night,
But my true love's shroud so white lighteth me;
'Tis whiter than the snow
That sparkles on the bough
Where sweet Robin singeth now merrily.
Where sweet, &c.

'Tis Hallow-mass' e'en,
And around the holly green
The fairy elves are seen tripping light;
And thither I must be,
Ere their queen has left the lea;
For she comes to marry me to my own true love.
She comes, &c.

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

Music by Lee.

I have plucked the sweetest flower,
 I have dreamed in Fancy's bower
 I have basked in Beauty's eyes,
 I have mingled melting sighs ;
 If all these sweets to hive,
 I'm the guiltiest man alive:
 But, gentle maids, believe,
 I never can deceive.
 Nor cause your breast to heave
 With a sad heigh ho

But to raise in Beauty's frame,
 The burning blush of shame,
 Or bid the tear to start,
 Far be it from my heart ;
 Such base attempts I scorn,
 To honour I was born
 Then, gentle maidens, spare
 The heart you thus ensnare,
 Or the willow I must wear
 With a sad heigh ho !

MY LUTE IT HAS BUT ONE SWEET SONG.

A Ballad Sung by Miss Love. Written, and Music composed, by J. Augustine Wade, Esq.—The idea of this Song is acknowledged, by its author, to have been derived from the Greek Poet Anacreon.

My lute it has but one sweet song,
 And that is love, dear love,
 No other sounds will e'er belong
 To its soft voice, but love.
 From morn's first ray
 To set of day,
 Where'er I chance to rove,
 Its chords will sigh
 No melody
 But love, dear love.

Sometimes 'tis sad,
 Sometimes 'tis glad,
 As tears or smiles may prove;
 Sometimes it tells
 Of last farewells,
 But always still of love!
 To change its theme
 From passion's dream
 I would, but 'twill not rove,
 Nor cease to sigh
 The melody
 Of love, dear love.
 Of knights and chivalry I tried
 To sing in lofty strain;
 My heroes were the young, the fair,
 My field, a bower or grove,
 My battle's noise,
 The low sweet voice
 Of love, dear love!

MY SOLDIER LOVE

Sung by Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and Miss Povey. Music arranged by Bishop.

Leeze me on my soldier love,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 Brave as lion, kind as dove,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 Should he fall in battle strife,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 Nane beside shall call me wife,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 But if glorious from the wars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 Proud will I be of his scars,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 By the sparkles of his e'e,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!
 Nane, I ken, he lo'es but me,
 Bonnie laddie, soldier laddie!

FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH.

Words and Music by Bayly.

Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade
 Of the leaf where you slumbered all day ;
 Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty moth,
 And make use of your wings while you may.
 Though yon glittering light may have dazzled you quite,
 Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay,
 Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth,
 Only dazzle to lead us astray.
 I have seen, pretty moth, in the world,
 Some as wild as yourself and as gay,
 Who, bewitched by the sweet fascination of eyes,
 Flitted round them by night and by day ;
 But though dreams of delight may have dazzled them quite,
 They at last found it dangerous play ;
 Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth,
 Only dazzle to lead us astray.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Sung with enthusiastic applause by R. A. Smith. Words by Burns. Music, with
 accompaniments for the Piano Forte, by Dr John Clarke.

I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.
 She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charmed my soul, I wistna how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

WITH HELMET ON HIS BROW.

Music.—"Le Pette de Tambour."

With helmet on his brow, and sabre on his thigh,
The soldier mounts his gallant steed, to conquer or to die.
His plume like a pennon streams on the wanton summer
wind,

In the path of glory still that white plume shalt thou find!

Then let the trumpet's blast

To the brazen drum reply,

"A soldier must with honour live,

Or at once with honour die!"

O! bright as his own good sword, a soldier's fame must
And pure as the plume that floats above his helm so white
and free!

No fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that shame
may throw,

One spot on that blade so bright, one stain on that plume
of snow!

Then let the trumpet's blast, &c.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD.

A Glee for Three Voices, from the Musical Play of "Guy Mannering."

The Words by D. Terry, Esq.—The Music by Bishop.

The winds whistle cold and the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold and the cattle in shed.

The winds, &c.

When the hoar frost was chill upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest bough,

Our fathers would trowl the bonnie brown bowl.

And so will we do now, jolly hearts!

And so will we do now.

Gaffer Winter may seize upon milk in the pail;

'Twill be long ere he freeze the bold brandy and ale.

For our fathers so bold they laughed at the cold,

When Boreas was bending his brow;

For they quaffed mighty ale, and they told a blithe tale,

And so will we do now, jolly hearts!

And so will we do now.

A SCOTS SANG,

Written by the Ettrick Shepherd, for the Edinburgh Literary Journal. Music,
composed by a Gentleman of Glasgow. Sung by Mr Mackay.

I ha'e lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,

I ha'e lost my love, an' I carena;

For laith will I be just to lie down an' dec,

And to sit down and greet wad be bairny

But a screed o' ill nature I canna weel help,

At having been guidit unfairly;

An' weel wad I like to gi'e women a skelp,

An' yerk their sweet haffets fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly an' demure,

As pawkie as de'ils wi' their smiling;

As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,

The hearts of a' mankind beguiling;

As sour as December, as soothing as May,

To suit their ain ends never doubt them;

Their ill fau'ts I couldna tell ower in a day,

But their beauty's the warst thing about them

Ay, that's what sets up the hale warld in a lowe—

Makes kingdoms to rise an' expire;

Man's might is nae mair than a flaughten o' tow,

Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire!

'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,

And of nature's prime lord made the pillow!

An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end—

An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

THE MOON ON THE OCEAN.

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,

Affording a chequered light,

The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tipple

And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.

Some sweetheart or wife,

He loved as his life,

Each drank, and wished he could hail her;

But the standing toast

That pleased the most,

Was, "The wind that blows, the ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank the King, some his brave ships,
 And some the constitution ;
 Some, may the French, and all such rips,
 Yield to British resolution ;
 That fate might bless
 Some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her ;
 But the standing, &c.

Some drank the Prince, and some our land,
 This glorious land of freedom ;
 Some that our tars may never want
 Heroes brave to lead 'em ;
 That she who's in
 Distress may find
 Such friends who ne'er will fail her ;
 But the standing, &c.

NOW HOPE, NOW FEAR.

A Duet. Music composed by Brahams.

Now hope, now fear, my bosom rending,
 Alternate bid each other cease ;
 Soon shall death, my terrors ending,
 Calm each transient thought to peace.
 Hark ! a murmuring sound, repeating
 Every stifled sigh, I hear !
 What can set this bosom beating ?
 Alas ! 'tis mingled hope and fear.

Now they cease ! this way retiring,
 And all is awful silence round.
 Ah ! sure those notes, dear maid, were thine
 The echoing sounds alone were mine.
 'Tis her voice that meets my ear :—
 Say, where art thou, whose voice I hear ?
 Oh ! quickly speak,—no longer roam,—
 To give thee liberty I come.
 Soft love, 'tis I ; relief is near,—
 Where art thou now ? I'm here.
 This way advance, and you are free—
 This way to light and liberty.

THE NAVY AND THE ARMY.

Music by Parry.

Though war no more with ruthless hand

Spreads gloom and terror round,

Be not forgot the gallant band

That Albion's glory crowned ;

And while the glass you gaily pass,

Where mirth and music charm ye,

O, let the toast be England's boast,

The navy and the army !

The navy and the army,

The army and the navy !

O, let, &c.

Our sailors on the mountain wave,

Our soldiers on the field,

With honour fight, humanely save,

But never basely yield.

Then while the glass you gaily pass,

This welcome tribute levy,

A bumper toast to Britain's boast,

The army and the navy !

The navy and the army,

The army and the navy !

A bumper, &c.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Music by Bishop.

The snow-drop, first-born flower of spring,

With violets, to his grave I'll bring,

And summer roses I will spread,

To deck the turf that binds his head.

And o'er his earthy pillow

Shall wave the weeping willow.

Each day I'll sit beside his tomb,

To watch the flow'rets as they bloom ;

That where the drooping rose appears,

I may revive it with my tears.

And o'er his earthy pillow

Shall wave the weeping willow.

SEE THE MOON O'ER CLOUDLESS JURA.

Written by D. Weir, Greenock. Adapted to the celebrated Air of
"Rousseau's Dream."

See the moon o'er cloudless Jura
Shining in the lake below ;
See the distant mountain towering
Like a pyramid of snow.
Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—
Scenes so dear to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and wildwood,
All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,
All is silent in the grove,
And the flowers with dew-drops glistening
Sparkle like the eye of love.
Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless ;
Blessed night to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and fountain,
All is lovelier when with thee.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

Music by Bishops.

Tell me, my heart, why morning prime
Looks like the fading eve?
Why the gay lark's celestial chime
Shall tell the soul to grieve?
The heaving bosom seems to say,
Ah! hapless maid, your love's away.
Your love's away.

Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow
A wintery day beguiles?
Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,
And fading Nature smiles?
Some zephyr whispers in my ear,
Ah! happy maid, your love is near.
Your love is near.

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

Poetry by T. H. Bayly. The Music arranged to a Hindoostanee Melody by
Henry R. Bishop.

She never blamed him, never,
But received him, when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same ;
But vainly she dissembled,
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear, unbidden, trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom ;
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom ;
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim ;
Her voice, though, only faltered
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the isle where she was born,
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn ;
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
Yet she thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part ;
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart. —
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound —
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

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